

In a Lighter Veil

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

An Important Event in the Nation's History.

On the evening of March 5, 1770, occurred a riot between the people assembled and irritated beyond control, and a group of soldiers under Captain Preston, which is known as the Boston Massacre. A sentinel was first assaulted, a small file of soldiers came to his support, a large crowd soon assembled and the soldiers were pelted with stones, missiles of wood, and pieces of ice, and were dared to fire. The soldiers stood their ground for some time with reasonable patience, but finally, pressed too far, they fired upon the crowd, killing three men instantly and mortally wounding two others. The effect of this encounter was electric; the people assembled in thousands from all parts of Boston and neighboring towns, the excitement was intense, and the people could hardly be restrained from falling upon the regiments and wreaking their vengeance upon them.

Samuel Adams again came to the front as a great popular leader, and one of the most dramatic scenes in his life was his personal demand upon Governor Hutchinson, at the head of a reputation of citizens, to remove the regiments from Boston. These determined citizens went in a body to the governor's house and demanded the removal of the troops. Governor Hutchinson, with his usual policy, off to remove one regiment. This was not satisfactory, and Samuel Adams addressed the governor as follows: "Well known that acting as governor of the province you are, by your character, commander-in-chief of the military forces within it; and as such the troops in the capital are subject to your orders. If you, or Colonel Dalrymple under you, have the power to remove both, and to bring short of their to all removal will satisfy the people or preserve the peace of the province. A multitude, highly incensed, now of the result of this application. The voice of 10,000 freemen demands that both regiments be removed. Their voice must be respected, their demand obeyed. Fail not, then, at your peril, to comply with this requisition. Or you alone rest the responsibility of this decision, and if the just expectations of the people are disappointed, you must be answerable to God and your country for the fatal consequences that must ensue. The committee have discharged their duty, and it is for you to discharge yours. They wait your final determination."

The result of this impassioned and peremptory appeal was a compliance with the demand, and both regiments were removed to Castle William in Boston Harbor. From "The Preliminary Period of the Revolution," in *Godey's Magazine* for February.

Won From the Wizard.

The New York Tribune tells how "Wizard" Jacob Schaefer, the billiard expert, once lost to a farmer.

"Some years ago," said the Tribune's informant, "when Schaefer kept a billiard room in this city, he was always ready to play all comers who desired a game. Many strangers and people unknown to Schaefer naturally strolled in; many, too, who probably did not know him. But it made no difference to Schaefer. Sometimes strangers would desire to play for money, but this Schaefer would never do. To all such propositions he would say: 'No, I won't play for money; but I'll tell you what I will do. I will play a game, the loser to take the horse.'"

"One day an old farmer entered the place, and after wandering about looking at the pictures on the walls and examining the tables, he asked if there

was any one present who would like to play him a game of billiards. Schaefer, as usual, said that he would play the stranger.

"How much shall we play for?" asked the farmer.

"I never play for money," replied Schaefer, "but I will play you for the drinks for the house."

"All right," said the farmer, "how many points shall we play?"

"Oh," replied Schaefer demurely, "in all the consciousness of his superior powers, 'well just play until you are satisfied, and we will call that the game.'"

"The crowd smiled as the players prepared for the contest. The billiard table was placed on the table and Schaefer brought out his favorite cue, and it fell to his lot to open the game.

"The opening shot in a billiard game is a somewhat difficult one, as most players know," said Schaefer, "but I have a little indifference, misadventure. He not only missed it, but left the balls close together near one of the cushions. It was what is termed in billiard parlance a 'set-up.'"

"The old farmer carefully chalked his cue, and after deliberation made the shot. He then gazed at the balls a moment, laid down his cue and exclaimed: 'I am satisfied.'"

"The score was then 1 to 0 in favor of the old farmer, but as Schaefer had agreed to make the game as long or as short as the farmer desired, he had to play it local celebration. It has been witnessed by the United States customs officers at Presidio, but, owing to the remote locality, but few other Americans have ever heard of it.

TO KEEP THE DEVIL IN A CAVE.

Queer Religious Ceremony of the Indians of Ojima, Mexico.

On the night of January 25 of each year, says the correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* from Presidio, Tex., great fires are kept burning on both sides of the two mountains that shut in a narrow valley in Mexico just opposite the little town of Presidio. All night long, on the rocky trail, leading to the summit of this mountain, there is a continuous procession of devout Mexican men, women and children. They wend their way up the little chapel on the summit of the mountain, where they give thanks to the Almighty for the protection he has given them from the devil, and then they march back to their homes in the valley. As they pass the many burning

heaps of wood each worshiper throws in more fuel, chanting unintelligible words all the while.

This is one of the most peculiar religious ceremonies ever witnessed among the Mexicans or Indians. It is strictly a local celebration. It has been witnessed by the United States customs officers at Presidio, but, owing to the remote locality, but few other Americans have ever heard of it.

On the Mexican bank of the Rio Grande, almost opposite Presidio, is situated the town of Ojima, which has a population of about 3,000 people, the majority of whom own small tracts of land in the rich valley of the Concho river, which they cultivate in a shiftless sort of way. A century or more ago a Spanish priest, or padre, founded his way northward from the City of Mexico. He crossed rough mountains and desert country, but never wavered in his purpose of finding a distant and likely spot where he could establish a mission. Among the Indians he struck the Concho river

follow him up the mountain and verify his statement. The Indians, one and all, obeyed his command, and with the excited padre at the head the long procession toiled its way to the summit of the high mountain on the right of the valley. As they went along the padre, in his most impressive manner, gave a thrilling account of his experience with the devil. His story to the startled Indians is still embraced in the tradition and is about as follows:

"I was walking up the valley, absorbed in thought, when I chanced to look before me, and there I saw a great iron chain stretched across the valley from one mountain to the other. In the center of this chain there sat the devil, swinging back and forth. No sooner did I get sight of the devil than I took my cross out of the bosom of my robe and started up the mountain after him. When the devil saw me coming after him with the cross in my hand he jumped from the chain and started to run away from me, going as fast as he could up the steep mountain, dragging the heavy chain behind him. I follow-

ed swiftly after him, and had almost overtaken him, when he disappeared in the mouth of a cave on the top of the mountain, dragging the chain in after him. Just as the last link of the chain was disappearing through the hole I touched it with my cross and it separated from the chain. I planted my cross at the mouth of the cave, and the devil can never leave his prison as long as the cross remains there."

The crowd of Indians were greatly frightened and impressed with the padre's graphic tale but they followed him bravely to the cave at the top of mountain and in the mouth of the cave they found a link of an iron chain with his cross inside and standing erect. Overcome by the authenticity of this evidence, they were persuaded to build there a stone chapel, which they called the church of the Holy Cross.

The date of the building of this chapel is not known of here. It is probable that the records of the church in Spain or the City of Mexico contain a history of its erection, and that the date is given therein. It is claimed by some people here that it was built over two centuries ago, while others say that it was in the latter part of the eighteenth century that it was erected. It is a substantial stone structure, and the front is beautifully ornamented with carving which shows great skill and artistic ability in execution. It must have required an immense amount of labor to carry the big blocks of stone up the mountain and place them in their positions in the walls of the little edifice. One of the curiosities that may be seen

near the head of its course and followed the sparkling stream to its mouth, where it empties into the Rio Grande at Ojima. "Here," said the padre, "is an ideal spot, where I will make my home and serve God."

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most uncomfortable manner. We can not stay up to see how many real old travelers there were among the pretenders, but ignominiously retreated to the seclusion which the cabin grants. The light was just glowing in through the round window of our stateroom the next morning when the stewardess made her appearance, bearing a tray with a bottle, two small glasses and a card. I was quite exhausted from the horrible night, but I found strength to read the card. On one side was neatly engraved, "Henri Valois, Paris."

Mrs. Wallis was mistaken. He was a Frenchman after all. On the other side was written in a most gentlemanly hand with a pencil:

"If madame and mademoiselle will be so good, instead of drinking the contents of the bottle by the glassful at intervals, they will find no more real de mer."

"Maybe it's poison," Mrs. Wallis groaned, but I had reached the desperate stage when poison was preferable to seasickness, and she followed me in taking a glassful of the colorless stuff. I don't know what it was. I wish I did, but the second glassful certainly put us upon our feet.

I impressed upon Mrs. Wallis my sense of the kindness of an entire stranger, and that she must give him our most cordial thanks.

We found our stateroom chairs again in place just where the evening sun would strike past them, but leave our faces in shadow, and longing near them was Mr. "Henri Valois."

"That is a very interesting and aristocratic name," Mrs. Wallis had said, holding the card in one hand and her lorgnette in the other. As she critically examined it, "Valois—Valois—wasn't there a king or something with a name like that?"

I suggested that this might be a private family with the bar sinister, and then Mrs. Wallis said positively: "Then that settles it. He is a duke, or a duke, at the very least. Those things always gave titles and estates right and left to that sort of connections. I'll find out!"

To do her justice, she made valiant efforts to keep her word.

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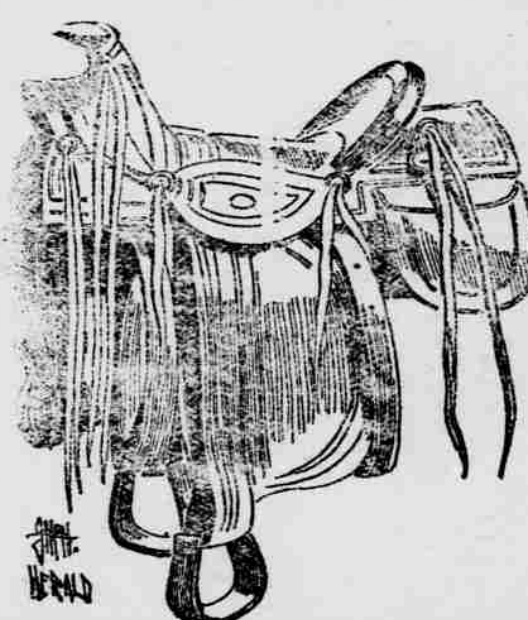
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S. L. HUGHES,

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

Masonic.

El Paso Lodge, No. 180, A. F. & A. M.
Meets every first and third Wednesday at Masonic hall, San Antonio street. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
W. E. SHARP, Sec'y.
A. KAPLAN, Secretary.

El Paso Chapter, No. 157, R. A. M.
Meets the second Wednesday of each month at Masonic hall. Visiting companions cordially invited.
W. C. HOLMES, H. P.
A. KAPLAN, Secretary.

El Paso Commandery, No. 18, K. T.
Meets fourth Wednesday of each month at Masonic hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited.
H. C. MYLES, E. C.
W. E. SHARP, Recorder.

Alpha Chapter No. 179,
ORDER EASTERN STAR.
Regular meeting second Saturday of each month. Sojourning members of the order cordially invited.
J. O. Bough,
Worthy Patron.

I. O. O. F.

El Paso Lodge, No. 254, I. O. O. F.
Meeting Every Monday Night.
P. M. MILLER, Secretary.

Border Lodge 374, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Tuesday night.
Claude Minor,
Secretary.

Canton del Paso, No. 4
Patriarchs' Militant.
Night of meeting second Wednesdays in Odd Fellows' hall.
W. E. SHARP, Clerk.

St. Franklin Encampment, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Monday night.
HENRY L. CRELL, Sec'y.

Miscellaneous

National Union.
Meets fourth Thursday in each month at Odd Fellows' hall.
J. W. WILKINSON, Secretary.

Knights of Honor.
Meets second and fourth Thursdays of each month at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
E. A. SHELTON, Reporter.

United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of El Paso.
Meets every Sunday at 10 a. m. at Labor hall. Visiting members welcome.
FRED WIDEMAN, Sec. and Sec.

Woodmen of the World,
Tornillo Camp, No. 48.
Meets every second and fourth Tuesday each month at the Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting members and strangers cordially invited.
G. D. WIMBERLY, Commander.
J. T. Sullivan, Clerk.

B. O. E.
El Paso Lodge, No. 187.
Meets first and third Tuesdays in Odd Fellows' hall.
S. J. GATLIN, E. R.
T. E. SHELTON, Secretary.

A. O. U. W.
Meets in G. A. R. hall on the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Visiting brothers cordially invited.
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Foresters of America.

Cover every month in Odd Fellows' hall.
Meets first and third Wednesday night of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.
J. O. Bough, Secretary.

Knights of Labor.
Gate City Assembly (L. A. 3041).
Meets every Friday evening at the hall corner San Antonio and N. Stanton street at 8:30 o'clock. JOHN ROBERTSON, M. W.
R. J. HAKER, S. S.

Knights of Pythias.
Myrtle Lodge, No. 10.
Regular meeting every Wednesday evening in Union Labor Hall over Badger's grocery store. Sojourning Knights respectfully invited to attend.
J. O. MURPHY, K. of R. and S.
W. E. SHARP, K. of R. and S.

Bliss Lodge No. 221, K. of P.
Regular meeting every Monday evening at 8:30 o'clock. Visiting Knights welcome.
J. O. MURPHY, K. of R. and S.
W. E. SHARP, K. of R. and S.

G. A. R.
Emmett Crawford Post, No. 19, G. A. R.
Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 8:30 p. m. Hall on San Antonio street. All comrades in good standing invited to visit the post.
GEO. M. MCCONAGHEY, Commander
W. E. TUSTEN, Adjutant.

Fire Department.
Board of Fire Directors meets every second Wednesday. General department meeting second Wednesday in March, June, September and December. P. F. Edwards, President
T. J. Hollister, Secretary
W. T. Kitchen, Sec.

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EDWARD H. ADLER.

A Noble Fellow

we were going to Europe. Mrs. Wallis had written to me at Christmas time, which I spent in the City of Mexico with Jack Darrell and his wife, asking me to accompany her.

My pocketbook happened to be unusually "high grade" just then—to use a westernism—as Jack had taken me down to Mexico in his private car and given me no opportunity to squander my modest income, so I wrote to Mrs. Wallis and accepted her invitation.

New York was almost as much of a foreign city to us as any we would see on the other side of the Atlantic, but although our stay there had been circumscribed by the New York hotel, the

ing no goodbyes to say.

There was a regular confusion of passengers and their friends all about us, but not as many tragic scenes as I had expected from the novels I had read, judiciously padded with the descriptions of ocean voyages made by heroes going over to finish their education, or heroines flying from their unhappiness.

Who isn't acquainted with the youth or maiden who sits on deck and likens his life to the stately ship plowing its way through rolling billows, or sees in the waves of molten gold the kind friends who would cover her from the world? We didn't see anything like that. I do not even remember anybody who stood on the deck for a last look at the island and a chance to exclaim "Farewell, my native land!" Most of them seemed like us to be going over for the first time, and, also like us, trying by their easy manners, nautical talk and elaborate array of steamer chairs, steamer caps and steamer novels to be giving the impression that crossing the Atlantic was an experience as familiar as riding on horseback. Mrs. Wallis and I had finished our education, such as they were, long ago. We had no misery to escape. (Mrs. Wallis' husband was dead, and mine was to be got.) So as we had no romantic roles to play we began our voyage with the utmost conventionality. We wrote as impressive looking letters as anybody could give them to the pilot when he left us. Mrs. Wallis was to her housekeeper, and mine to Susie Messersmith, telling her she might ride my horse while I was away, but nobody knew that they were not the longest for last words to some bereaved devotee.

And after that ceremony we were fairly off.

The sea was as calm as it usually is

between the months of May and September, and there was no excuse for seasickness on the part of anybody, so we walked the decks and posed as old sailors in the possession of stomachs whose self possession had never been called into question.

As Mrs. Wallis and I strolled along arm in arm trying to think of some sensible and ladylike remark that would be open sesame to the captain's attention and favor we noticed a gentleman who was walking in the other direction, but upon our line, and who consequently met us at every turn.

"Watch him take in your feet," Mrs. Wallis said daffingly. If there is one thing that I do pride myself upon, it is my feet. They were looking unusually well that day, as I had realized the conspicuousness of shoes on a deck promenade.

He was a tall, dark man with a twisted mustache and almost stern black eyes, just that masterful sort of eyes that women past their early girlhood and who have lived in the world are fond of. Poor innocents, when they are young they can find a master in almost any sort of a man. There was nothing bold looking about the promenade, but he gave us side glances that did not mean utter indifference.

"He must be somebody," Mrs. Wallis said, "because you see he is an Italian or a Spaniard or something, and in those countries the middle and lower classes do not look like gentlemen. I'll wager you something he is a count at the very least."

"Pouf!" And I blew my lips out with scorn, but still some of the air-castles that I had kept in reserve since my early girlhood for those seasons when my devoted admirers did not suit me or I had none and which had arisen like magic when we began to talk of Europe, went vision-like before me. "Countess," I wound sweet in my ears. "Count, prince, whatever he might be, he certainly was interested in us. Not that he presumed in the least, but when we went on deck the second morning our steamer chairs were stowed in the pleasantest place, with our rugs comfortably adjusted, and the steward, as he brought us a basket of fruit, mentioned that 'the gentleman' had ordered it brought up as soon as we took possession of the chairs. We ate the fruit and let the steward continue to think that he in some sort belonged to us, although we had not exchanged a single word. That evening it began to blow, and the swell tossed the ship about in a

most uncomfortable manner. We can not stay up to see how many real old travelers there were among the pretenders, but ignominiously retreated to the seclusion which the cabin grants. The light was just glowing in through the round window of our stateroom the next morning when the stewardess made her appearance, bearing a tray with a bottle, two small glasses and a card. I was quite exhausted from the horrible night, but I found strength to read the card. On one side was neatly engraved, "Henri Valois, Paris."

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I suggested that this might be a private family with the bar sinister, and then Mrs. Wallis said positively: "Then that settles it. He is a duke, or a duke, at the very least. Those things always gave titles and estates right and left to that sort of connections. I'll find out!"

To do her justice, she made valiant efforts to keep her word.

nunciation of French by westerners would hardly sound Parisian to native ears) responded with open delight. And then began a most delightful friendship. He was not only extremely distinguished looking, so that it was with a calm joy and hearts free from carking jealousy that we looked upon the other parties in the ship as we thrived or waned or dined together, but Mr. Valois had been everywhere, knew everything that came up in the world, spoke several languages, and could tell an adventure equal to Rider Haggard. I remember one night—it was the evening before we reached Cork harbor—we sat on the deck until the moon came up out of the dark sea. Mr. Valois was telling us of an adventure that a party of gentlemen had encountered in southern Italy. They were going by private carriage from one point to another when they were set upon by brigands. From the minute description that he gave of everything he must have been there, but he did not speak of himself once. There was a certain Marquis de St. Lippo who had put his pistol to the chief bandit's head and threatened to shoot him dead if any of the band lifted a finger and had made the villain order off his men, who figured as the hero. I can see him now as he sat on the camp stool, leaning excitedly forward, the words clipping after each other on his tongue, the white moonlight and the excitement of his story making his eyes all aglow.

After we went into our stateroom Mrs. Wallis turned to me with suppressed excitement:

"Don't you see it? He is the Marquis de St. Lippo himself. No man ever had that much interest in his friend's adventures."

After that Mrs. Wallis tried with all the smartness of the traditional Yankee to bring out some detail of Mr. Valois' private history, but that was the only subject upon which he was silent. One day when she had been unusually pressing her face, and in his peculiar, rather short sentences: "Is it my 'profession' you would know, madame? France is not like America. All men do not cast accounts nor keep a shop. It is difficult to be a traveler from one beautiful city to another."

After that madame retired from her researches, abashed, but ever since the night of the story of the bandit adventure Mrs. Wallis had addressed me as "the marquis."

It did no good for me to try to laugh

her fancies away and tell her that Mr. Valois had never hinted a word of love-making to me. She always said, "Just as though, Jean Medicott, I had not lived in this world long enough to know the difference between flirtations and attentions and that deferential service a man gives to a woman he means to win!"

Notwithstanding my disclaimers I felt rather like a marquis already. I fully realized that to marry a French nobleman was decidedly different from the brilliant destiny attained by some of our American women in marrying English dukes and lords, but even a French count, if he is genuine, is not to be despised in a land where the only man with any sort of title that you have any chance of marrying is an army lieutenant. I have hardly enough money to buy a title in the regular market, but a bargain sometimes falls in my way. Mrs. Wallis and I both felt

that this encounter was an unusual piece of luck.

For the last year or two people who were interested in my affairs had begun to make allusions to that typical maid who went through and through the thicket and picked up a crooked stick at last and to suggest that a crooked stick was a better support over the ragged roads that lie over the end of life than no stick at all. I didn't mind their advice, but I had long ago made up my mind that it was going to be the most beautiful